

PARLEY'S
PICTURE BOOK.



NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY J. P. GIFFING,
SUCCESSOR TO S. COLMAN,
No. 56 GOLD STREET.

1840.

Handwritten: The Little Prince
by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry
1943

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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PETER PARLEY'S.
PICTURE BOOK.



(FROM BOY'S COUNTRY BOOK.)



(FROM BIRTH-DAY GIFT.)

PARLEY'S
PICTURE BOOK.



A NEW EDITION.

NEW YORK:
JAMES P. GIFFING,
SUCCESSOR TO S. COLMAN,
56 Gold street.

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NEW ENGLAND TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

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INTRODUCTION.



HERE is a picture of a mother with her two children. One is a boy, and his name is James. The other is a girl, and her name is Anne.

The mother sits by the table, and James is leaning upon it. Anne is sitting at her mother's feet.

Now what do you think the lady is saying to James and Anne ? I will tell you all about it. She is telling them how useful and pleasant it is to know how to read. She is telling them of the pretty stories there are in books ; and thus she is trying to persuade them to learn to read.

Do you not think a pleasant book is very much like a pleasant friend, who will sit down and amuse you by telling you what he has seen, and what adventures he has met with ? If books are such good things, is it not best to get well acquainted with them, and then you will understand them very easily ?

But I will tell you a story which may make you understand the importance of being able to read. There

was once a boy travelling upon a road, and at length he came to a bridge. On a post by the side of the bridge was a paper, with some writing upon it, as follows: "This bridge is not safe for persons to cross upon it."

Thus warned, the boy turned back, and, taking another road, got to the end of his journey in safety.

But a little while after, another boy came to the bridge, who could not read. He saw the paper, but he did not know what the writing upon it meant. So he went along, and when he got about to the middle of the bridge, one of the boards broke, and let him through into the water.

The stream was not deep, so the boy escaped; but he got a good ducking. This story will show my little

friends that reading may not only furnish amusement, but it may furnish knowledge of the utmost importance, as well to our comfort as our safety.



THE SWING.



HERE is a little girl in a swing. A boy stands behind her, and when she comes back, he pushes her forward with his hand.

Two children are standing by to see the sport. They hold out their hands,

and seem as much delighted as the little girl in the swing.

This is a pleasing amusement, and, when school is done, many boys and girls may be seen playing in this way. But children should be very careful, for the rope may break, and let them down, with a sad thump, upon the ground.

And one thing I charge you all to remember, and that is, let each one take his turn at the swing. Don't let the larger children refuse to allow the little ones to swing as much as they do.

And one thing more. Let the boys always permit the girls to swing first. Let the older boys make it their pleasure and delight to be kind to girls of their own age or those younger than they are, for boys are stronger than girls, and they should be their protectors.

THE LITTLE SHIP.



HERE are two boys standing by a brook. One of them has his cap on his head ; the other has laid his hat on the ground.

He has a stick in his hand, with which he is pointing to a little ship that is sailing on the water.

Boys are very fond of getting little boats or ships, and making them float on some brook or river. Sometimes a little vessel will sail along very prettily ; and sometimes the wind strikes the sails and blows it over.

And what is true of little ships is also true of big ones. They sometimes have their sails torn and their masts broken by the winds, and sometimes they sink in the deep waters, and all who are in them go down to the bottom of the sea.

But, after all, these cases are rare compared with the multitude of ships that are always afloat upon the various seas throughout the world. The life of a sailor has its rough days and its stormy weather, but it has also its bright weather, its fair winds, and its happy voyages.

THE DOG AND HEN.



HERE is a dog, with three or four bones on the ground before him. Near him is an old hen, with a brood of chickens.

The dog looks very angry, and seems to say, "get you gone, you old bid-dy; get you gone, or I will pull out some of your feathers!"

The hen looks very angry too, and seems to reply, "not so loud, master Growler, not so loud, if you please. I only came here to pick about, and find some supper for my children. I'll not touch your bones ; so cease your barking, and let us be friends once more."

Thus the dog and hen make a great noise, and disturb all the other creatures in the barn-yard. The turkey gobbles ; the peacock screams ; the hens cackle ; the rooster crows ; the geese gabble ; and the guinea hen runs about making a cry like a watchman's rattle.



GOING TO SCHOOL.



HERE are two children going to school. The little girl has a bag in her hand, while the boy carries his satchel over his shoulder.

How happy these children appear to be! As they go along the pleasant road, they seem to be talking with each

other, and I suppose are telling stories to one another.

It is a good thing to go to school, and I believe people are never so happy as while they are learning to read and to write.

How pleasant it is for children to learn lessons in the Geography, in the History, and other little books! And how pleasant it is for them to know that they are doing their duty, and giving pleasure to their teachers, and to their parents!



BOYS AT PLAY.



HERE are three boys at play. Each boy has a hoop, which he strikes with a stick, and it rolls along. It is very pleasant to roll a hoop. If you strike it hard, it flies along very fast, and you must run with all your might to catch it.

You must take care not to drive your hoop among horses. I once knew a little boy playing with his hoop in a street. A horse was coming along; but the boy was looking at his hoop, and he did not see the horse. His hoop rolled close to the horse's fore feet, and the boy ran after it.

The horse was going fast, and he struck the boy with his foot. The boy fell down, and the horse stepped on his leg. The poor boy's leg was broken, and it was many weeks before he got well.



BOY RIDING.



HERE is a little boy on a small horse. His father is by his side, to take care of him and see that he does not fall off.

The boy is learning to ride ; he is a little afraid, yet he loves to ride very much. His horse is quite gentle, and seems pleased to carry his little master along on his back.

When you have learned to ride, I hope you will treat your horse kindly, for a horse is a fine animal, and it is cruel and wicked to abuse him.

You should also remember never to snap a whip or speak to a horse when a person is riding by; because you may startle the horse, and he may run away and throw his rider off.

I once knew a little boy who would always say or do something, as a horse was going by, to make him start. Well, one day a little girl, who was learning to ride, was passing by this boy. She was on a gay little horse, and went along not fearing any danger.

Suddenly the boy, who was near the horse, said "get up!" The horse started instantly; he flew along the streets in the greatest fright. The lit-

the girl held on as long as she could ; but by and by she was thrown to the ground. She fell upon the hard pavement, and was sadly bruised. Some people went to her and took her up. She could not speak, and she was quite bloody.

It was a long time before this little girl could walk about. She lay on her bed, and she suffered great pain for many days and weeks : and all this she suffered because a thoughtless boy startled her horse.

Now I hope no one of my little readers will ever do any thing, when a horse is passing by, that may scare him or make him run away.

THE LITTLE WAGON.



HERE is a little girl in a small wagon ; she has a whip in her hand, and is drawn along by her brother. How happy the little creature seems to be !

She snaps her whip, and cries “ get along ! ” and appears to think her brother a very good horse.

I once saw a dog draw a pretty little carriage, and he went along as well as a horse. Three or four children were in the carriage. The dog was very strong, and when they told him to stop, or go faster, he obeyed instantly.

But one day a sad accident happened to some children in this little carriage. The dog was drawing it by the side of a small stream of water. It was a very warm day, and a pig was lying in the water, to cool himself.

Well, as the dog came near, the pig jumped up, and the dog, forgetting that he was fastened to the carriage, began to run and bark after the pig.

The pig jumped into the mud to keep away from the dog, but the dog followed. He ran very fast, and in a second the little carriage was overturned.

There were three children in it, and all of them rolled out like so many apples. They fell into the water, and it was a long time before they got out. They were not much hurt, but they were all of them sad figures, for their faces, hands, and clothes were covered with mud!



THE BOY AND DOG.



HERE is a boy playing with his dog. He is going to throw a stick in the river which is by his side.

The dog is watching the stick; and is ready to run after it. He is jumping up, and seems full of life and spirit. Thus the boy and dog are playing together, and both appear to be quite happy.

A dog is indeed a very agreeable playmate. He is fond of his master, and takes the greatest pains to please him. He runs, leaps, and frolics by his side, and never appears so happy as when his master pats him on the head, or tells him, in some other way, that he is a good dog.

Dogs are very fond of children, and will often take care of those they love. If a child is walking in a field, the dog will drive the cows and other creatures away.

If the child falls into a river, the dog will perhaps try to pull him out. If he gets lost in the woods, the dog will sometimes show him the way home.

Thus, you perceive that this animal is not only a lively and pleasing companion, but he is often a sure friend.

I will tell you a little story which will show you how useful a dog may be. About twenty years since, the winter was so severe as to be called the hard winter. During one of the long snow-storms, a poor woman and three children were in a state of the greatest distress.

They lived in a small house, situated at the foot of a hill. The snow was blown around it by the wind, and heaped up in such a manner, that the people could not go out.

There was no house near, and for two days the woman and her children remained in the house. But at length, their food was all gone, and every stick of wood was consumed.

Thus, nearly famished from hunger, and shivering with cold, the mother and her children bent over the few

coals and warm ashes that remained, exhibiting a scene of the deepest misery.

In this state of things, the dog belonging to the house plunged through the snow, and made his way to a farmer's house. He then howled in a pitious manner; this led the people to suppose that the woman, to whom they knew he belonged, was in some distress.

They therefore went to her house, and found her in the situation I have described. I need hardly tell you that she was soon supplied with plenty of food and fuel.

THE CAT AND DOG.



HERE is a picture of a dog whose name is Dash. He stands on the ground, and barks at a cat upon the tree. He seems very angry, and shows his white, sharp teeth.

But puss sits quietly, and seems to say, "bark away, Dash; bark as loud

and long as you please! Here I am, and here I shall stay. I am not coming down to let you bite me."

Such is the state of things between these two animals. The truth is, cats and dogs are seldom very good friends. They are fond of quarrelling, and rarely come near each other, even when living together in the same house, without angry looks and some growling.

So common is it for these creatures to be snarling at each other, that when little children quarrel they are said to be like cats and dogs.

Dogs are good natured to little boys and girls, and if they are treated kindly, they seldom bark at or bite them. But it is very true that they are quarrelsome with each other. Somebody has written some pretty verses about this, which I will repeat to you.

Let dogs delight
To bark and bite,
For God has made them so;
Let bears and lions
Growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you
Should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands
Were never made
To tear each other's eyes.



BOY AND SQUIRREL.



HERE is master Henry and his gray squirrel. The squirrel has just come out of his cage, and now sits upon the boy's arm. He seems to be quite tame, and I suppose regards Henry as his best friend.

The squirrel is a very pretty creature.

He is so lively, and takes up a walnut or a piece of apple so handily in his paws, that it is a pleasure to observe him.

When in a cage, he will jump and whirl about for an hour together, and seem never to be tired. When in the woods, he climbs the tallest trees, jumps about from one limb to another, and picks the nuts as handily as you could with your fingers.

Squirrels not only climb trees, but some of them take to the water, and swim across large rivers and lakes. Sometimes they get drowned, and sometimes the people go out in boats, and catch them as they glide along on the top of the water. I think, therefore, the squirrels had better stay at home among the trees.

I will now tell you a fable, or little story, about two squirrels. I do not mean that it is all quite true, but you may learn from it that it is always best to obey your parents, and take the advice of people who are older and wiser than you.

FABLE OF THE TWO SQUIRRELS.

A little squirrel on a tree
Thus chatted with his mother :
“ Dear mother, let me go and see
Yon river with my brother.

“ It is a very pretty place ;
The waves are like the sky,
The winds are still, and on its face
The sleeping bubbles lie.

“ Oh, mother ! do not keep me so,
Imprisoned all the day,
But let me with my brother go,
And with yon bubbles play.”

The mother was a squirrel red,
And she was very wise,

And, sitting on her hind legs, said,
With love in both her eyes,—

“ My dearest Dick, I prithee hear,
And you, my younger son ;
On this old oak, so gray and sere,
You love to leap and run,

“ From morning dawn to evening’s beam :
And you are safe, for ’tis your home.
But now suppose from yonder stream
A foolish fish should come,

“ And try like you about to jump
From limb to limb—he’d tumble down,
And get, like Jack of old, a thump,
And break his very crown !

“ Well, now, my boys, I prithee stay
Contented where you are,
Nor seek in yonder stream to play,
For there is danger there.

“ Let little fishes swim the wave,
For ’tis their proper home,
But, squirrels, you should never leave
The woods in which you roam.”

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But I am very sad to say,
 This good advice was lost ;
The squirrels would not work or play,
 Because their will was cross'd.

They pouted, then they cried, and teased
 Their mother's spirit so,
That, weary, she at length was pleased
 To let the squirrels go.

Dick with his brother went away,
 Waving their tails in air,
And as they skipped along so gay
 They seemed a happy pair.

And they were happy ; but, alas !
 They did not count the cost ;
They sought the river bright as glass,
 But both were in it lost !

They gambol'd in the lovely stream ;—
 It seemed so pure and fair,
Oh, who could ever, ever dream,
 That death was lurking there ?

They sank and never rose again,
Poor Dicky and his brother ;
They both are dead—the reason 's plain,
They did not mind their mother !



THE DOG AND LAMB.



“ GET away, get away,
You troublesome Rover,
Or you ’ll certainly be
Rolled over and over !

“ The sheep stands in front,
To take care of her child,
Who trembles behind her,
So gentle and mild ;

“ And if you go near her,
She ’ll butt you quite down,
Before you can bark,
And in spite of your frown.”

Thus I spoke to old Rover,
But he thought ’twas good fun,
So he barked and he growled,
To make the sheep run.

But all would not do,
For she stirred not a foot,
And she held her head low,
Just to give him a butt.

And now grown impatient,
He makes a short bound ;—
But the sheep knocks him down,
And he rolls on the ground !

Then quick he starts up,
And, quite wild with affright,
Sets off to the house,
And is soon out of sight.

But he ’ll not soon forget,
The sharp lesson he ’s tried,

For he thought he knew best,
And all warning defied.

From this let me learn
To mind a parent's command,
Even when his advice
I can scarce understand.



THE LITTLE SOLDIERS.



HERE are some boys marching about like soldiers. They all have caps on their heads, and one with a sword in his hand goes before, who is called Captain.

One boy has a flag, another a drum, another a fife, and the rest are armed with little guns made of wood.

Now it is very pleasant to march about in this way when the weather is fine, and there is nothing to do but to go about the streets, and wheel this way and that, as the captain gives command.

But it is a very different thing to be a real soldier, and go to war. A little more than fifty years ago, there was war in this country, and many people became soldiers, and went to battle.

I was a soldier myself for two or three years, and sometimes I suffered very much for want of food, and from fatigue and cold.

During the war I have just mentioned, about a thousand soldiers set out to go from Boston to Canada. Well, at first they went along a river, in boats, but at length they were

obliged to leave these and march through the woods.

By and by, their meat was gone, and after a while they had no bread. There were no houses near, and all around them was a forest.

The poor soldiers now killed their horses and then their dogs for food, but these were soon gone. Some of them boiled their old shoes, and thus kept themselves alive by eating leather.

All this happened during very cold weather, and some of the men died from their sufferings. But the greater part finally came to some villages, where they obtained food. Such are some of the adventures of a real soldier!

The truth is, that war is a terrible thing, and we ought all of us to do what we can to prevent enmity, and to promote peace among all men.

THE RACE.



HERE are two boys running a race. Each runs with all his might, and strives to get before the other.

Some boys and girls are at a little distance, near the school-house. They are looking on, and shouting with their merry voices.

This is a pleasant scene, and reminds me of the time, now long gone by, when I was a boy and went to school. It was kept by a good old woman, whom we used to call Aunt Delight.

She not only taught us to read, but she taught us many other things. When the school was out, she would sit at the door, wipe her spectacles, and observe our sports.

When these were done, she would call us round her, and tell us pleasant stories. One day, when some of the boys had been running a race, she told us the following fable :

There was once a rabbit who lived in a burrow close to a little pond. Here a turtle dwelt, and sometimes the two neighbors used to meet and have some chat together.

One evening, the turtle said he was going on a long journey the next day. "The pond," he continued, "where I live, is drying up, and I am going to take up my residence on the borders of a lake, at the distance of several miles."

"I am going to the same place," said the rabbit, "and would keep you company; but the truth is, that you are such a dull traveller, that I should get out of patience."

"Nay," said the turtle; "you have longer legs, but I will get there first."

"You!" said the rabbit, in a great rage; "you! with your waddling limbs, get there before me? Why, with twenty jumps I can go farther than you can in an hour."

"Not so fast, not so fast," said the turtle. "It is true you can go swifter

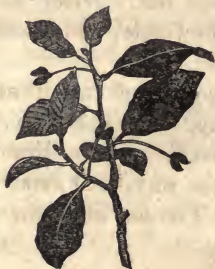
than I can ; but I shall be up earlier in the morning, and you will lie late in bed ; I shall plod on with diligence day after day, while you will be stopping to gambol in the grass, and pick every bright head of clover you meet."

After some more conversation, they parted, and each determined to get to the lake first. The turtle rose at daylight, and travelled on for several hours. The rabbit lay in bed till nine o'clock, and then set out. After a while he overtook the turtle, and passed him by with a sneer.

Pretty soon the rabbit stopped to take a nap, and then he began to amuse himself. All this time the turtle went on his way, and finally reached the lake. The day after, the rabbit ar-

rived, and was obliged to confess that diligence was better than speed.

“Now,” said Aunt Delight, “I beg you all to remember, that those who are industrious will always excel those who are idle. In the race of life, those who, like the poor turtle, have few advantages, may, if they will do their best, outstrip others, who are esteemed their superiors.”



THE BOY AND BULL.



HERE is a little boy running away from a bull. I will tell you the whole story if you will listen.

James lived in the little house you see beyond the trees. He wanted to go out in the field to play, but his mother told him he must not go.

"But why may I not go?" said James. "Because," said his mother, "I am afraid that great bull will hurt you."

"But I am not afraid of the bull," said James. "I can run away if he comes after me. So pray, mother, let me go."

Thus James teased his mother to let him go, but she would not consent. So James thought he would go without her consent.

Accordingly, he crept out of the house, and stole along behind the bushes and trees, and went into the field.

No sooner did the bull see James, than he began to bellow and run after him, as fast as he could gallop.

James screamed for help, and, fortunately, the dog that belonged to the

house, called Lion, came to his aid. He ran at the bull, and, seizing his nose, held him fast, till James got out of the way.

James was very sorry that he had disobeyed his mother, and he now saw that it was not only right, but for his own peace and safety, to do as she wished.

It would be well if all little boys and girls would remember that if they ever disobey their parents, there is probably some evil prepared to beset and punish them for it, as great as that of a mad bull.



NEW CLOTHES.



THIS little boy has on a new suit of clothes. His mother is peeping in through the door to see him.

How happy the little fellow looks! He has got a cane in his hand, and is going to march about like his grandfather.

It is pleasant to have new clothes, and children may surely be glad to have them. But it is of more consequence to keep your clothes neat and clean than to have new ones.

There is no merit at all in you for having a new coat or a new hat, because these things are furnished by your parents. But if you keep them with care, you will obtain the approbation of your parents, and this is of great value.

Besides, I have generally remarked that children who are careful of their dress, and keep it neat and tidy, are usually careful of their conduct, and keep their hearts and minds clean from wicked actions.

THE DOLL.



HERE are two girls with a doll. They have been at work all day, in making a dress for it.

And now how beautiful is Dolly ! See what a fine hat and feather she has got ! See her white frock, and the toe of her white satin slipper !

But, beautiful as Dolly is, you per-

ceive that Ellen, the larger girl, is giving it to her cousin Lucy. Ellen is a generous child, and she takes more pleasure in giving than in receiving.

I hope all my little readers will remember that it is good for them to be generous, for all persons will love them if they are so.

On the other hand, it is bad to be selfish, and choose rather to keep things to ourselves than share them with our friends. People who act thus, whether they are old or young, are always disliked.



THE LITTLE GIRL AND KITTEN.



"COME, pretty Kit,
Come, learn to read;
Here with me sit;
You must indeed.

"Not know your letters!
Fie, fie! for shame!
The book I'll hold;
Come! spell your name!

" Now try to say
KIT, Kit;
For you may play
Where you think fit,

" Upon the bed,
Or on the tree,
When you have said
Your A B C."

'T was snug and warm
In Mary's lap,
So pussy thought
She'd take a nap.

She went to sleep,—
The lazy elf!
And Mary read
The book herself.

She learned to read,
She learned to spell,
And said her lesson
Very well.

And now, my little
Reader, say,

If you from books
Will turn away,

And be like Kit,
An idle thing,—
Now catch a mouse,
Now twirl a string ;

Or will you learn
To read and spell,
And say your lessons
Very well ?



THE DEER.



THIS is a picture of a man and a young deer. The man is standing in a path, and the deer is licking his hand.

The deer is a very beautiful animal, with a large, sparkling eye, a slender head and neck, and long legs, not larger than those of a sheep.

The deer is generally wild, and lives in forests among the hills and mountains. When it sees a man or dog, it flies away with great swiftness.

But if a deer is taken from the forest when young, you may bring it up to be as gentle as a lamb. It will live round the house, will play with the children, and eat corn or meal from their hands.

In the vast western country there are many deer, and the Indians shoot many of them. Wolves, also, hunt them down and destroy large numbers.

Sometimes several wolves will get together, and form a circle around a flock of deer. The poor animals, thus finding themselves in the midst of their enemies, leap down the rocks, and are often killed by the fall. The wolves then eat them up.

In the forests where the deer live, there are serpents, called rattlesnakes. These creatures are very poisonous, and the deer, as well as many other animals, hate them very much.

When a deer sees a rattlesnake, he goes near to it, and, leaping into the air, comes down with all his feet upon it, and thus kills it !



GATHERING FLOWERS.



“ OH ! sister Ann,
I ’ve got some flowers,
And I ’ve been gone
Two long, long hours ! ”

“ Ay, brother James,
I ’ve got some too ;
See, for mamma,
This violet blue !

"That little flower,
She loves it much ;
And here 's a rose—
But do not touch !

"Because its stem
Is full of thorns.
How much the rose
My bunch adorns !

"The bluebell wild
I found close by ;
Its color deep
Is like the sky.

"The daisy, too,
And columbine,
I've twined and ming ed
With the vine.

"I've tied them up
With stalks of wheat ;
Could there be any
Thing so sweet ?

"So let's go home—
Mine are for mā,
Yours you can give
To dear papa."



THE RIVER.



HERE are two boys, on the border of a little river. Near them is a house, and five ducks are swimming on the water at its side.

One boy has a long stick in his hand, and the other is pointing at the ducks, telling him to throw it at them.

But the boy with the stick replies, "I will not throw the stick at the ducks. They are very pretty innocent creatures, and seem very happy.

"I will not disturb or injure them. I might break a leg or wing of one of them, and how much would the poor bird suffer!

"Why should we boys always make war upon every living thing we see? Why should we throw stones or sticks at every pig, or goose, or duck, or robin, or catbird, that comes in our way?

"Why should we try to give pain to these poor dumb creatures? They do not injure us; on the contrary, they give us pleasure. They make our walks more pleasant, for the world would be sad and solitary if these animals were all destroyed!

“ Now suppose that we were placed among a race of people who on every occasion should treat us, as boys treat these innocent birds and animals ?

“ Suppose that every time we were to walk abroad, a number of beings should come forth to stone us and throw sticks at us ? Suppose that we should, in this way, be sometimes badly wounded, and sometimes have a leg or an arm broken ?

“ Should we not think that these beings were very wicked and very cruel ? And do you not think that wanton boys, who throw sticks and stones at every living thing they meet, are equally wicked and cruel ? ”

Such were the words of this good boy, and I hope all my readers will remember them.

THE WALK IN SPRING.



COME, come away !
'Tis merry spring,
The fields are green,
The gay birds sing.

Come, children, come ;
You 've both been good,
So we will go
To yonder wood.

Through the fields,
And through the stile,
We will walk
A merry mile.

We will walk
Beneath the trees,
And hear them rustle
In the breeze.

We will pluck
The wild flowers sweet,
And we'll go
With busy feet,

Till the sunset
Warns us home :
So come away,
My children, come !



PLOUGHING THE LAND.



It is now spring, and the farmer is ploughing the land. The two oxen are fastened to the plough, by a thing over the neck, called a yoke.

They go along very slowly, dragging the plough after them. The plough breaks up the ground, and fits it for the seed.

The seed is put upon the ground, and covered up with loose earth. It lies for a few days, and then it puts forth leaves, which spring out of the ground.

Thus corn, rye, wheat, and other things, are sown, and thus they grow. The rain and the sun of summer make them flourish, and after a few months they are ripe, and are then gathered.

The life of a farmer is very pleasant and very useful. He raises many good things, and it is by his labors that we are supplied with many comforts.



GATHERING HAY.



HERE the people are gathering hay. The men have cut down the grass with a scythe; this grass is dried in the sun, and is called hay.

The men are putting the hay upon a cart, and the oxen are going to drag it to the barn.

It will be stored in the barn, and

there it will be kept for the cows, the sheep, and the horses, till winter comes.

In winter, when the grass is all dead, and the earth is covered with snow, then the hay will be given to the poor animals, who would die if they were not thus taken care of.

Thus you see that in the warm weather of summer, the people provide for the cold winter that is coming.

They provide for the cattle, that the cows may give us milk, that the sheep may give us wool, and that the horses may carry us on their backs.



GATHERING APPLES.



HERE are some children picking up apples. One of the boys has been upon the tree and shaken the apples down, and the ground is now covered with them.

The basket is nearly full of apples. Of these, the people will make cider.

Some apples are used for cider, and some are made into pies and sauce, and some are kept for use in the winter.

It is a pleasant thing to live in the country, and see the apple-trees blossom in spring, and see them loaded with red or yellow fruit in the autumn.

It is pleasant to go to the trees and gather the ripe apples ; and it is pleasant also, when the green leaves are dead, and the snow is upon the ground, to sit by a good fire, and eat the apples we have picked.



PICKING CORN.



With merry shout,
At early morn,
The men go out
To pick the corn.

The sun and rain,
The dew and heat,
Have made the grain
Both full and sweet.

And autumn, with
Its frost at night,
Hath made the husk
All dry and white

And now the ear
Doth upward stick,
And seems to say,
“Come, come and pick!”

They come and toil,
Both man and boy,
And then the farmer
Says with joy :—

“Come, come, my friends,
Our labor ’s done,
For yonder sinks
The setting sun.

“Come, let us home,
To rest till morn,
Then we’ll return
And pick the corn.”

Bright is the smile,
And bright the fire,

That after toil
Wait son and sire.

The foaming beer,
In cups all bright,
Or water clear,
Their lips invite.

And then is spread
The table neat,
With the brown bread,
And butter sweet ;

And then the prayer
To Heaven is said,
And then they seek
The quiet bed.

They sweetly sleep,
Till rosy morn,
And then again
Go pick the corn.

And thus the day,
The night, the morn—
How blest to those
Who pick the corn !

DIGGING POTATOES.



HERE are some men digging potatoes from the ground. But, pray, how did the potatoes get there ?

That is what I am going to tell you. In the spring, the land is ploughed ; and then potatoes are put in the soft ground and covered up.

Well, each of these potatoes grows,

and produces leaves and stalks above the ground and roots beneath.

These roots take the form of little balls, and then grow into large potatoes.

Thus, you see, one potato, put into the ground in the spring, produces several others! Each family of potatoes is called a hill, and one of these is often found to contain a dozen.



A STORM.



HERE is a man in a storm. He is riding toward his home in the village. His dog is by his side, but the rain falls, and the wind comes in a gust, and sends his hat whirling through the air.

The summer is now gone ; the hay

is gathered ; the corn is picked and housed ; the potatoes are dug, and the chill winds of November are whistling amidst the forest.

The leaves of the trees are scattered upon the earth ; the green grass is dead ; and the sheep, who love so well to live upon the hill-side, are slowly trudging from the fields to the shelter of the barn-yard.

This is autumn, and winter will soon come. Look on the next page and you will see the earth covered with snow.



CHOPPING WOOD.



WINTER has come! The air is very cold, and the snow is falling in a white sheet upon all around.

The hills, the valleys, the houses, are beginning to be wrapped in their winter dress. How cold, yet how beautiful is the world in its winter attire!

In the picture, you see one man chopping the wood with an axe, while another is laying it up in a heap.

Thus the people are preparing for the winter. They are laying in a store of wood, and, though the earth be covered with snow, they will build a bright fire, and be as cheerful around it as if it were spring or summer.



GOING HOME FROM SCHOOL.



HERE are two little children going home from school. The weather is cold, and the snow is falling very fast. The little girl has fallen down, and her brother is trying to lift her up. The little girl appears to be crying, but I hope she will get home safely.

There was once a little girl going home from school with her brother, but the snow was deep, and they had great difficulty in getting along.

At length, they came to a snow-bank, and there the little girl sank in so deep that she could not get out. The wind was blowing hard, and she was very soon covered up. Her brother tried to get her out, but found it impossible.

He then ran home as fast as he could, to call his father. When he arrived at the house he was out of breath and could hardly speak, but at length he made his father understand his sister's danger, and they both hurried back to the snowbank.

The wind had strewn the snow over the place so smoothly that for a long time they could not find the little

girl. At length she was discovered, completely buried in the snow. She was taken out, and, strange to say, she had suffered very little from the cold !



H

WINTER SPORT.



Down, down the hill
How swift I go!
Over the ice,
And over the snow!

A horse or cart
I do not fear,
For past them both
My sled I steer.

Hurra ! my boy !
I'm going down,
While you toil up ;
But never frown—

The far hill-top
You soon will gain,
And then, with all
Your might and main,

You'll dash me by ;
While, full of glee,
I'll up again
To dash by thee !

So on we glide—
Oh, life of joy !
What pleasure has
The glad schoolboy !



FARM-YARD.



THIS picture represents a farm-yard in winter. The cattle can no longer live in the fields, for the grass is dead, and the earth is covered with deep snow.

So the farmer has gathered the cows, the oxen, and the sheep, in the

farm-yard, and there he feeds them with the hay which was laid up for them in summer.

The life of the farmer is not only very pleasant, but very useful. By rearing cattle and sheep he provides us with beef, mutton, milk, butter, cheese, tallow for candles, wool for clothing, and many other useful and comfortable things.

Thus it is that farmers cause a great deal of happiness, and for this reason we should always pay them respect.



SKATING.



HERE is a picture of some boys on the ice. Two of them are skating, and one of them is fastening his skates to his feet.

Thus, although the weather is cold, and the ground covered with snow, the boys amuse themselves very well, and

seem almost to like winter better than summer.

Skating is indeed a very pleasant amusement, and it is also an exercise which contributes to health. But I trust my little friends will never allow their eagerness to indulge in this fine sport, to make them pursue it without the consent of their parents, or to go upon the ice when it is so thin as to be dangerous.

The boy pays dear for his pleasure who gains it either by disobedience to his parents, or the risk of being ducked or drowned.



THE TRAVELLER.



THE snow is deep,
And the wind is cold,
As the traveller goes
O'er the lonely wold.

The wind is chill,
And the storm is swift,
As he plods along
Through the frozen drift.

The way is far,
And the night is near,
But the traveller's heart
Hath no chill of fear.

His faithful dog
By his side doth go,
And he scampers light
O'er the drifting snow.

He goes before,
With a merry pace,
And backward looks
In his master's face ;

And seems to say
With a sparkling eye,
"On, on, my friend,
For our home I spy—

"The curling smoke
Through the mist I see,
And I know the roof
That is dear to thee.

"I know it well ;
The fire burns bright,

And the supper waits
For us there to-night.

“ Then speed thy step,
Through the cold, cold snow,
To our own dear home,
Let us go, let us go.”



NEW YEAR'S DAY.



It is now the first of January, and these children in the picture have several very pretty presents. The little girl has a doll, and the boys have several nice toys.

Thus, these children are very happy, and it is because they have been obedient and amiable. I hope all my

readers may, like them, be good, and get pretty presents on new year's day.

But children should not think of presents only on new year's day. It is more important that their hearts should be full of gratitude to God for his kindness, than that their hands should be full of toys.

And how can children show their gratitude to God? By doing as he desires them to. And how does he wish children to behave? He wishes them to be obedient to their parents, to be kind and gentle to all their play-fellows, to love the truth and shun falsehood, to do to others as we would have others do to us, to love and pray for all mankind, to be gentle and affectionate to all around us, to pay respect to the feelings of those who occupy a

humbler station in life than we do; to be kind and charitable to the poor.

It is in these ways that we can do God's will, and thus exercise gratitude towards him. It is by doing these things that we can fill our hearts with far greater delight than any mere earthly toys can bring.

The first day of the year may properly be given to cheerfulness and merry sport, but it should not pass by without resolutions on our part to live better for the following year than we have ever done before.



THE BLIND MAN AND HIS DOG.



Go on, my good dog,
With care if you can,
For I totter behind you
A poor blind man.

Be careful, old Tray,
For the water is near,
Its dampness I feel,
And its murmurs I hear.

Guide me safe o'er the bridge
That I feel with my stick,
And be sure o'er the holes
A safe way to pick ;

For 'tis darkness to me,
That once was so bright,
And this warm pleasant day
Is to me a long night !

My best friend on earth !
With the cord round your neck,
Who goes at my bidding,
And comes at my beck—

Lead me back to my home,
For I'm feeble and gray,
So trudge on safely,
My good old Tray.



THE INDIAN.



HERE is a picture of an Indian. He has a bow and arrow in his hand, and he is shooting the arrow at the deer.

The deer is frightened, and runs as fast as he can. But the arrow flies swifter than the deer; it strikes him in the side, and he dies.

In this way the Indian kills the deer, and then he eats his flesh. He takes the skin of the deer, and wears it over his shoulders, instead of a coat.

The Indians are people of a copper color. They live in the woods and plains, and have little houses made of sticks, called wigwams.

The Indians have no knives or forks, and no chairs. Their beds are made of the skins of bears and buffaloes. They do not till the land, but hunt wild animals in the woods, and catch fishes in the brooks and rivers.

They are a wild people, and very fond of war. Once the Indians dwelt where we now dwell; then there were no cities and towns in this country, but the hills and valleys were covered with woods. In these woods lived the savages, with their wigwams.

They have now passed away ; thousands of them have been killed in war, and their bones are mingled with the dust. But their children remain in the wilds of the far West, and there they pursue the deer, and the buffalo, and the grisly bear.



THE LION.



THE Lion is a wild animal, thrice as large as a dog. He is very strong, and can tear an ox in pieces. He lives in the plains of Africa, and in Asia, and feasts upon such creatures as he can destroy.

He crouches upon the ground, and hides himself like a cat behind a bush or a rock. When a deer, a bullock, or

a wild ass comes near, he springs upon it, and tears it in pieces. Travellers who have been in Africa tell us many stories of the lion. I will tell you one of them.

One day some persons were going along by the side of a river, when suddenly a lion sprung from a thicket and stood before them.

The dogs then came forward and began to bark at the lion. The creature stood still, looking at the men, until the dogs came very near; he then raised one paw, and struck two of them, killing both at a single blow.

The other dogs continued to attack the huge beast, and the travellers fired several bullets into his body. At length he grew tired of the sport and ran off into the woods.

In America, where we live, there

are no lions except those brought along in cages for us to look at. There are indeed no naughty animals in this part of the country that ever attempt to hurt any body.

If you go into the woods you see the merry squirrels, and the timid rabbits, but they scamper away as fast as they can go. You see the robins and the bluebirds and the woodpeckers, but these innocent creatures only sing and flutter, and fly away.



THE WILD TURKEY.



THE wild turkey is a very large bird, and looks very much like the honest old turkey that lives in the barn-yard, and seeks grasshoppers in the meadows.

The wild turkeys dwell in the distant woods, and roam over the hills and valleys in large flocks. They are very timid, and at night, lest foxes

should catch them as they are asleep, they roost upon high trees.

In the day-time, if they see a man, they run and fly, and escape as fast as possible.

Sometimes they assemble on the high banks of rivers, and prepare to fly across. They gabble and strut, and make a great noise on such an occasion.

It would seem that they make long speeches, and say a good many droll things. First comes forward one old cock, and thus seems to speak:—

“Listen to me, all ye turkeys—
young and old ! I am a beautiful turkey, with a red head, a long red thing hanging over my nose, and a tail of many colors ;—listen to me !

“ I have a swift wing and a stout heart : I can fly across the river and

set my foot safely on the other side. I am the bravest cock that ever strolled on a hill-side, and have the glossiest neck in the world. Look at the purple wallets by the side of my head, admire, and be silent !”

Thus the vain cock turkey *seems* to speak ; and having spoken, he finishes by a loud gobble, a spreading out of his tail, and a scraping of the earth with the end of his wings.

He is then followed by other turkeys, who appear equally vain and beautiful. After strutting and gobbling in this style for two or three days, the whole flock take wing, and fly over the river.

Some land safely on the other side, but some get a ducking in the water, and only save themselves by swimming. It often happens that those who strut the most, get the most thoroughly wet.

Do you not think that this story should make every little boy and girl ashamed of boasting and vanity? Who would like to be like a vain turkey cock?



THE TAME PANTHER.



THE Panther is as large as the biggest dog; he is shaped like a cat, and has very strong claws, with very sharp teeth.

He is a wild fellow, and, though very handsome, he is generally savage and cruel. He loves nothing so much as to prowl about at night, that he may catch the poor guinea fowls that sleep

in the shrubs, or the hares that sit in the grass.

But although the panther is generally a fierce and bloody beast, I have heard of one that was quite tame and playful. He was caught in Africa, and lived in a large house, like a dog. He went about by himself, wherever he chose, and seldom did any mischief; but sometimes he frightened the servants terribly.

One day a man was very busy, washing the floor. The panther came softly behind him, hit him a stroke with his paw, and threw him suddenly upon the floor. The poor man was greatly alarmed, till he saw, by the smiling looks of the panther, that it was all in sport.

This merry animal performed many other feats of the kind, and became a

great favorite in the family. At length he was carried to England, but, although he was well fed and carefully kept, he died in a short time after his arrival.



FABLE OF THE GREEDY FOX.

ON a winter's night,
As the moon shone bright,
Two foxes went out for prey :
As they trotted along,
With frolic and song
They cheered their lonely way.

Through the wood they went,
But they could not scent
A rabbit or goose astray ;
But at length they came
To some better game,
In a farmer's barn by the way.

On a roost there sat
Some chickens as fat
As foxes could wish for their dinners ;
So the prowlers found
A hole by the ground,
And they both went in, the sinners !

They both went in
With a squeeze and a grin,
And the chickens were quickly killed

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And one of them lunched,
And feasted and munched,
Till his stomach was fairly filled.

The other, more wise,
Looked about with both eyes,
And hardly would eat at all,
For as he came in,
With a squeeze and a grin,
He remarked that the hole was small ;

And the cunning elf
He said to himself,
"If I eat too much, it's plain,
As the hole is small,
I shall stick in the wall,
And never get out again."

Thus matters went on
Till the night was gone,
And the farmer came out with a pole ;
The foxes both flew,
And one went through,
But the greedy one stuck in the hole !

In the hole he stuck,
So full was his pluck
Of the chickens he had been eating—
He could not get out
Or turn about,
And so he was killed by beating.

Thus the fox, you see,
So greedy was he,
Lost his life for a single dinner.
Now I hope that you
May believe it true,
And never be such a sinner.



FABLE OF A FISH POND.

THERE was once a beautiful little fish pond, surrounded by hills. The water was so bright and clear that you could see the white pebbles at a great depth, as they lay on the bottom.

Along the border, there were trees of various kinds; they hung over the water, and cast their beautiful shadows upon its surface.

There were also beautiful flowers around the pond; some of them standing in the edge of the water, and some standing upon the banks, but stooping over, as if to take a peep into the water, and see their bright forms reflected there, as in a mirror

Well, in this beautiful pond lived a great many fishes. There were little

short fishes, partly of a brown, and partly of a golden color, called bream; and there were perch, also of a golden color, marked with black streaks, and of a long slender form.

And there were shiners, which glistened like pieces of money; and there were bull-heads, with sharp horns, and pike, and many other kinds.

Now these fishes lived in a very beautiful place, and, as they had plenty to eat, they were perfectly happy. When the weather was cold, they went to the middle of the pond, where the sun shone, and made the water warm; and when it was too hot, they cooled themselves in the shadows of the trees and rocks.

A great part of the time they spent in playing. Sometimes they would

chase each other about, seeming to glide along as easily as the birds glide through the air. Sometimes you might see them in the clear water, sporting about among the sedges and rushes that grew in the margin of the pond; and then again you might see them jumping up to catch the bubbles or insects that floated on the top of the water.

Now this was a pleasant life, and nothing indeed could be happier than these little fishes. But at length they began to quarrel with each other. The bream insisted that one part of the pond belonged to them, while the perch declared that it did not belong to the bream, but to themselves.

While the perch and the bream were thus at strife, the bull-heads and the pike also could not agree. Their difficulty arose from a pretence on the part

of the bull-heads that they were much handsomer than the pike.

This was considered very insulting, and it was bitterly resented by all the pike family, old and young, boys and girls, men and women.

Dissension thus begun, it grew worse and worse, until all the inhabitants of the pond were soon involved in the quarrel, in some way or other. Even those who had nothing to do with it at first, soon became partizans, and at length the eels and frogs and tadpoles got to fighting about it.

In this way the happy little people of the pond became very miserable. Instead of gliding about in peace or in play, they now met only to struggle and fight; and very often it happened that some of them were killed in the fray.

Now I should have told you that this pond belonged to a rich man, who, so long as the fishes lived together in peace, allowed it to remain; but now that they were perpetually quarrelling, he determined to destroy it.

So one day he had a ditch cut in such a manner as to let off the water of the pond. In this way it was entirely drained, and all the little fishes perished. Bream, bull-heads, perch, pike, eels, frogs and tadpoles, all were left upon the ground, and died by the heat of the sun.

Such was the fate of these fishes. So long as they lived in peace they were happy; but when strife came among them, their happiness ceased; and finally, as their quarrelling continued, they were entirely destroyed.

Now, my little reader, I have told

you this fable to persuade you that it is much better for you to live in peace, than in strife. If you are kind and gentle with your companions and friends, you will be happy; if you quarrel with them, you will spoil your own happiness and theirs; and, finally, if you persist in the indulgence of a quarrelsome spirit, it will destroy you.



A MORNING WALK IN SUMMER.

It is a pleasant thing to walk about in summer, to notice the trees, the fields, the birds, the flowers. But let me tell you a method by which you can very much increase the pleasure of these summer walks.

The plan is this : instead of looking vaguely at a great many things, strive to study into each particular thing, so as to understand all about it. To give you an example, suppose you take hold of my hand, and let us take a walk on a fine summer morning.

Well, there are many things to look at and admire ! But let us to-day study only the little sparrows, that we see flying across the path, or chirping among the bushes and trees. At first

they appear to be all of one kind, but on examination we shall find five or six different kinds.

Some of them sing sweetly, and love to build their nests in the lilac bushes, beneath our windows ; while others have only a short chirp, and love to dwell in the grass fields. Others, still, seek the solitary dells, and rear their young ones quietly, there.

Then all these birds have different airs and manners. Some are familiar, and seem to say, "good morning," as you go by ; others skulk in the bushes, and seem to say, "get you gone!"

Then again they have different nests and eat different food ; and they come at different times, and leave us at different seasons.

Now these are some of the curious and interesting things to be learnt

about sparrows ; birds which are among the smaller and most common of the feathered tribe.

Then there are other birds to study about ; the robins, the bluebirds, the woodpeckers, the doves, and many others. They have each a pleasant story to tell, if you will study into it, and listen to their songs, and watch their ways.

Such is the plan I propose to my young friends ; it is to study nature ; to consider the birds, the flowers, the leaves, the grass, as pleasing books, laid open, and worthy the perusal of every one. They will grow more and more interesting as you proceed, and I beg you all to try my plan of study.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

FATHER, listen to my prayer,—
Give, oh, give me slumbers light—
With a father's watchful care,
Guard, oh, guard me through the night.

Father, hear a sorrowing child,
Who asks thy pity and thy peace—
Kindly bestow thy mercy mild,
And my sorrows all shall cease.

Let, oh, let forgiveness chase
Fear and trouble from my breast,
And the influence of thy grace
Shall make my pillow soft and blest.

Give me power to hate a lie—
To love with love like thine ;
And when at last I too must die,
Take, oh take this soul of mine,

To live in Heaven ; and may I meet
All my dear friends with thee ;
And there, in praises ever sweet,
Unite in endless harmony.

MORNING PRAYER.

FATHER! thou hast kindly kept
Me safe and peaceful while I slept ;
Thankfully to thee I raise
A heart of joy, a voice of praise.
Keep me through this opening day,
Keep me safe from danger's way !
Keep me from the paths of sin,
Keep my bosom pure within.
Give me grace to shun deceit—
Turn from every vice my feet—
Help me on in virtue's way—
Teach me love—and when I play,
Or work, or read, may all I do,
Father, be done in love of you !



A SONG OF MAY.

WHAT a pleasant month is May !
For the snow is gone away—
The flowers are peeping out,
And the birds are all about.
The lark is on the tree,
And a pleasant song hath he ;
The thrush is on the thorn,
With the catbird, in the morn ;
And they strain their little throats,
With all their merry notes.
The lonely whippoorwill
The hollow wood doth fill
With his melancholy song,
All the night, night long.
The sparrow, bluebird, wren,
They have all come again,
And every one is blest
As he builds his little nest.
Beginning at the morn,
The farmer plants his corn,
The gardener sows his pease,
And the dairy-maid makes cheese.

The weather, it is fair,
And balmy is the air.
The short bright showers
Wash the faces of the flowers,
Which look brighter yet
For the wetting that they get.
Oh, how pleasant then is May,
For the snow is gone away—
And the flowers are peeping out,
While the birds are all about.



THE JAY AND THE OWL—A FABLE.



A CONCEITED jay once paid a visit to an owl that was sitting among some sheaves of wheat, in a barn. As soon as he had entered and made a few observations upon the weather, the jay went on to tell the owl of the many compli-

ments that had been paid him by the various birds in the neighborhood.

One had praised his plumage, another his voice, and another his wit. Having told this with great self-complacency, all the time smirking, and flirting his tail, with an air of vanity, he added,—“And now, my dear owl, pray tell me sincerely what *you* think of me, for I know you are a true friend, and I place more confidence in your opinion, than in that of all the rest of the world.”

‘ Shall I tell you the truth, or pay you a compliment ?’ said the owl.

“ Oh ! the truth, of course,” said the jay. “ I love the truth, and hate flattery.”

“ Well, then,” said the owl gravely, “ in my humble judgment, your dress is gaudy without taste ; your

song rather noisy than musical ; and your wit, mere impertinence."

The jay, sadly crest-fallen, jerked himself out of the barn, and the owl wisely remarked, that conceited persons usually pretend to hate flattery and love frankness, but in doing this they are ever fishing for compliments, and always resent the truth as an insult. Let all young people remember this story.



PLEASING ANECDOTES.

At a museum in London, there is a beautiful canary bird that sings little songs, pronouncing the words very distinctly. One of its songs is, "Come, come, little Dicky!" When the people wish to make it sing, they rattle a piece of paper, and then it immediately begins. Its little throat swells while singing, and it seems very proud and happy in the display of its powers. It is kept in a cage, which is frequently surrounded with youthful listeners, who are greatly delighted with its song.

In Liverpool, there was a little girl who was born blind. She was accustomed to go about the house, and into the lanes and streets that were

nearest. When she was eight years old, a physician operated upon her eyes, and she obtained sight. But, though she could now see as well as any other person, she frequently got lost in going around the house. In this case, she would shut her eyes and feel about for some object that was familiar to her when blind, and thus, keeping her eyes shut, she readily found her way home.

There are few animals that are more pleasing than squirrels. When at liberty among the trees or upon the ground, they are quick and lively in their movements, and appear to be full of frolic and fun. They are easily tamed, and may be taught various amusing tricks. I have heard of a tame squirrel that was accustomed to open

a door in the house where it was kept, by climbing up and lifting the latch.

There was once a lady in Russia who had a tame squirrel, which she taught to crack nuts for her with his teeth, and then pick out the kernels and hand them to her with his paws. She also instructed him to count money, and he was so attentive that whenever he found a coin on the ground, he took it up and carried it to her. So attached was this little creature to his mistress, that whenever she was confined to her bed from indisposition, he lay still in his cage, without moving, although at other times he was full of natural vivacity.

There was once a ship's crew on the coast of India who went ashore for the purpose of cutting wood. The

curiosity of one of the sailors having led him to stray a considerable distance from his companions, he was much alarmed by the appearance of a large lioness who was coming towards him.

His fear, however, ceased when he saw her crouch down at his feet, and gazing very earnestly, first in his face, and then at a tree some little distance off. After repeating these looks several times, she arose and proceeded towards the tree, looking back as if she wished the sailor to follow her.

This he at length ventured to do, and, coming to the tree, perceived a huge baboon, with two young cubs in its arms, which the sailor supposed to be those of the lioness, as she crouched down like a cat, and seemed to eye them very steadfastly. The man, being afraid to climb the

tree, thought that the best thing he could do would be to cut it down, and, having his axe with him, he set actively to work, the lioness watching him with the utmost attention.

When the tree fell, she pounced upon the baboon, and after tearing him in pieces, she turned round and licked her cubs, with signs of the greatest affection. She then returned to the sailor and fawned round him, rubbing her head against him in great fondness, in token of her gratitude for the favor done her. After this she carried the cubs away one by one, and the sailor rejoined his companions, much pleased with the adventure.

One Sunday evening, five persons were walking on the banks of a river in England. Being somewhat tired, they

sat down and began to sing a hymn. The field on which they sat had a small forest at the farther end. While they were singing, a hare, which is an animal resembling a rabbit, made its appearance from this wood, and came running up towards the place where they were sitting, and made a full stop at about twenty yards' distance in the open field.

She seemed to enjoy the harmony of the music, and turned her head frequently on one side while she listened. When the singers stopped, she returned slowly towards the wood; when she had nearly reached the end of the field, they again began to sing, at which the hare stood still a moment, and then returned swiftly back to the same spot she had occupied before. Here she listened, with apparent pleasure, till the song was finished. She then went her way

with a slow pace toward the wood, and entered it.

“On a rainy evening,” says Dr. Archer of Norfolk, “as I was alone in my chamber, I took up my flute, and commenced playing. In a few minutes, my attention was directed to a mouse which I saw creeping from a hole and advancing to the chair in which I was sitting. I ceased playing, and it ran suddenly back to its hole.”

“I began again, shortly afterwards, and was much surprised to see it re-appear and take its old station near my chair. The appearance of the little animal was truly delightful; it crouched down upon the floor, shut its eyes, and appeared in ecstasy. I ceased playing, and it instantly disappeared again.

“This experiment I frequently re-

peated, with the same success, observing that it was always differently affected as the music varied from the slow and plaintive to the brisk or lively. Finally, however, the mouse went off, and all my art could not entice it to return."













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